

Good Morning 384

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ron Richards Shop Talk

"SOKOL" and "DZIK," two British-built U-class submarines of the Polish Navy, which have been outstandingly successful on Mediterranean patrols, have recently returned to a home port.

They are also known as the "terrible twins," because of their exploits. Of all the symbols on the "Sokol's" Jolly Roger, the crew are proudest of a white grille, commemorating an experience in Greek waters.

"Sokol" was caught in a net, and as the vessels in the harbour were within range, the commanding officer fired his torpedoes through the hole the submarine had made in the net. "Sokol" then succeeded in freeing herself.

When Italy capitulated, "Sokol" was the first Allied vessel to enter Brindisi harbour, I'm told. The British naval liaison officer, Lieut. G. G. Taylor, of London, went ashore with two Polish ratings to receive the Italian Admiral who had been in command of the port.

"The Italians could not do enough for us," said Lieut. Taylor. "To the north of us, at Bari, were the Germans, and the British troops to the south. The 'Sokol' had sole control of Brindisi for three and a half days, and we think we were the first representatives of the Allied Forces to make contact with the Badoglio Government."

"SOKOL," in English, means "falcon," but the most prominent figure on the carved crest in the wardroom is a sheep.

"The crew of the 'Sokol' were originally the crew of the Polish submarine 'Wilki,' the Polish for 'wolf,' explained a Polish navigator officer.

"Because of the Polish proverb, 'If all is to be well the wolf shall not go hungry and the sheep shall be unharmed,' our captain wished to call this submarine 'Sheep.' That was hardly a name for a fighting ship, however, so the Admiralty called the submarine 'Sokol,' meaning 'falcon,' but our crest of the sheep had already been hung in the wardroom, so we added the falcon later."

"Dzik" is Polish for "wild boar." This submarine is commanded by Lieut.-Commander "Bolko." He has the Polish V.M. and British D.S.C.

On her first patrol from Malta, "Dzik" attacked a loaded tanker of about 7,000 tons and scored two torpedo hits.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



Lt.-Comdr. E. P. Young,
D.S.C., R.N.V.R.

"Dzik" has been adopted by March and district, Cambridgeshire.

SUMMARISING the diary of a submarine commander, I find my notes read:

Before the war he was a London publisher. He lived at Enfield. He was slightly built, not very tall, keen eyed, firm mouthed. His hobby and delight in the hours when he was not at business was yachting.

In 1940 he joined the R.N.V.R., and in the same year he volunteered for submarine service.

In 1943 came the news that he was the first R.N.V.R. officer to be appointed to command a submarine.

Last month he was mentioned in an Admiralty communiqué, with other submarine commanders, as having taken part in successful actions against the Japanese.

"The Submarine Service," he once said, "is much the same as yachting. Everyone lives on top of each other, and there is a matey atmosphere."

The name? Lieut.-Commander Edward Preston Young, D.S.C., R.N.V.R. It is, perhaps, superfluous to add that the skipper is a credit to both trades.

YOUR Airgraph, Stoker Stone, was very much censored, though your request was left in, and the address has been added to the list for a near-future call.

I have already written to your sister to tell her we heard from you and that you are fighting-fit.

WE are flattered, Stoker Harry Wilson, that you should engage our services to attempt the previously unachieved.

So your wife steadfastly refuses to have a photograph taken, does she? Well, we shall see what the charm of our Durham correspondent can do. It's easy to imagine that you would like to have a photograph of her and the baby—we will do our best not to disappoint you. If we do get the picture, it certainly won't be any place but page one. Yes, sir, front-page news.

Thanks also for the address of your messmate—we'll get

W. H. Millier answers A Big Factory SOS

THAT the old-timers of the ring are favourite topics of discussion wherever men gather is fairly evident. In the midst of writing about Joe Beckett's vacillating career I was handed a letter from a shop steward of a big war plant somewhere in the North.

It requested an immediate reply, otherwise the writer feared there might be a riot of such magnitude that vital war supplies would probably be held up, to the great benefit of our enemies.

What was this momentous query? It had nothing to do with the war, or with Pay-As-You-Earn income tax. The match had been set to the gunpowder trail by an ancient fight fan, who had told his younger listeners in the factory that Joe Beckett had fought Tommy Burns, the REAL Tommy Burns, who had lost his world heavy-weight title to Jack Johnson.

The ensuing arguments had been solely to show how good Pelkey was.

The so-called contest between the pair was a no-decision affair, and was staged in Calgary, where Burns had an outfitter's business.

Concerning this story, it was said of Burns that he did not believe in insurance, and he must have sustained a heavy loss some time later, because the building was burned to the ground.

In 1914 Burns made yet another come-back by knocking out a comparatively unknown heavy-weight named Battling Brant in four rounds at Taft, California. This time he let it be known that he was finally retiring from the ring. No more boxing gloves for Tommy.

By now, you will realise that there are more points that champion boxers have in common with prima-donnas than there are points allotted per civilian person under war-time rationing.

Burns never took kindly to retirement. He was a real fighter, and it must have been irksome to him to contemplate all the heavy-weights who were picking up tidy sums of money without having anything like his ability.

RETIRING OFTEN.

He kicked his heels impatiently for some sixteen months after losing his title to Johnson, and then the urge to fight again became too much for him. He had a contest with Bill Lang, heavy-weight champion of Australia, and beat him on points over twenty rounds.

Another retirement, which lasted two and a half years, and he came back to fight Bill Rickard in Saskatoon, winning in six rounds.

He then started a search to find likely pupils, whom he could train to challenge Jack Johnson for the title, but he discovered that champions cannot be found, or made, to order.

The most promising of his pupils was Arthur Pelkey, a giant who failed to realise the hopes Burns had centred in him.

He made yet another appearance in the ring in 1913, but this

was quite rightly earned the title of No. 1 Business Man of the Ring, and he did not intend to let this go for nothing.

He tried to interest various promoters in helping him to pick up some of the easy money that forty year.

But this was to be his final retirement, and I have wondered whether it was by accident.

BURNS—HABERDASHER.

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THE staff blushed for hours after reading a letter from the Chaplain of H.M.S. "Admiral"—his complimentary remarks were most flattering.

Naturally, we're glad to get letters like that, though more detailed criticism would be extremely welcome. After all, everyone likes to be thanked for his efforts, but it's much more satisfactory to have some constructive criticism from which an improved paper may emerge.

Anyway, Chaplain, many thanks for your letter.

The matter concerning the paper in which P.O. Fowler's story appeared is in hand.

Thanks also for the address of your messmate—we'll get

If you imagined that Burns dent or design that he chose, allowed himself to be put out for his final bow as a fighter, by such a trifles as this, all I can say is that you did not know Tommy.

In due course came the announcement that Tommy Burns, the great Tommy Burns, was matched to fight Joe Beckett.

People rubbed their eyes and wondered whether they were quite awake or still in the land of dreams. The knowing ones poetry in his soul, and, in just laughed, and were ready to any event, he had no thought, bet that some poor mug of a when he entered the ring new promoter was about to buy against Beckett, that he would be compelled to quit for the first time in his career.

Burns was every inch a fighter, and game to the last degree. When he was taunted and battered by the much bigger Johnson, in that memorable encounter in Sydney, he knew that his chance was hopeless, but he refused to put out his hand in token of defeat. That fight was stopped in the fourteenth round by the police.

Against Beckett, the spirit was willing, but the flesh—too much of it—was weak, and in his mature years lay the wisdom of knowing when he was beaten.

He threw in his hand in the seventh round after trying his best to beat the much younger, stronger and more virile Beckett, but not before he had put up a very good show for a man of his years.

That war worker with the memory for fights was right, and, had he but known it, he could have doubled his wagers by surprising his hearers in saying that Beckett and Burns met again after their contest at the Royal Albert Hall; but, then, it is extremely unlikely that he could have known of the second meeting.

It was shortly after the victory over Burns that Beckett joined a merry gathering of boxers to board what used to be known as the "Pug's Special."

I must explain that when James White, former bricklayer's labourer, became a millionaire, he used to raise funds for the hospital of his native Rochdale by putting on a big boxing show and paying all expenses.

As he always paid handsomely and used to charter a special train, on which the luncheon served was lavish, he had no difficulty in getting all the champions to attend.

There were no half-measures with James White. He used to book the best rooms at the best hotels for his boxers, and it was at one of them that Burns and Beckett met again, this time under all-in rules, or, I should say, all-in under no rules, and without any referee, although a well-known referee was among the delighted onlookers.

BUT STILL A SMASHER.

On the big first-floor landing at the top of the stairs stood Tommy Burns, now self-removed from the active list and gentleman of independent means.

As Joe Beckett reached the top of the stairs, Tommy politely stepped forward with outstretched hand to extend greetings of welcome to his late opponent and conqueror.

Beckett ignored the outstretched hand and answered Burns in truly ungentlemanly language.

In a flash that landing was transformed into a private arena. Cool as an iceberg, Burns replied to Beckett in about five words.

The rest was all action.

Burns had his man on that carpet squealing for mercy in a very few seconds.

He was certainly a champion at the all-in game. When Beckett had been carried to his bedroom, Burns said, "If I had known then what I know now, nothing on earth would have made me put my hand out at the Albert Hall."

To-day's extra Pin-Up—Ensa Star

Peggie Hughes



Ron Richards

Lots Behind a Noise

In a model flat in a London suburb there is a series of rooms where they never hear the traffic or even the banshee wail of the sirens. They are the test chambers of the National Physical Laboratory, where scientists have been trying to find out the truth about noise.

The research makers have discovered that there's far more to a noise than its sound. When people say that noise wears them out or soft-pedals their appetite, they are merely qualifying the proved research work of the experts.

Experiments on successive generations of rats showed that continual violent noise retarded their growth by 10 per cent. and lessened food consumption by 5 per cent. Less stringent tests on typists have proved that uproar demands the expenditure of 20 per cent. more energy than quiet conditions, and lessens efficiency by 7 per cent.

Ten years ago we knew little of noise.

Medical science had discovered, of course, that the human ear-drum would vibrate some 50 times a second to a deep booming sound, or as much as 24,000 times a second before a high-pitched note passed out of audibility. But when Professor Langevin and others went hunting with a sound beam of high frequencies and discovered that it destroyed fish, as well as most of the small forms of sea life, we were treading the fringe of the unknown.

Now experiment has shown that when noise nears a vibration rate of 400,000 a second, it is nearing the vibration rate of heat. Two researchers, Dr. Flosdorff

Toni Slade Knows!

and Dr. Leslie Chambers, have demonstrated that intense sound can soft-boil an egg without raising the temperature. Sound can produce definite chemical changes. With shrill screeches, they have changed starch into sugar, cracked vegetable oils to produce acetylene gas, and transformed ethyl acetate into acetic acid.

Another noise researcher, Dr. Foster Kennedy, using a device to measure the actual increase of pressure on the brain, found that the bursting of a blown-up paper bag raised the pressure four times above normal—or higher than morphine, the most powerful drug commonly used for the purpose.

As for the nausea evoked in many people by the sound of the sirens, Dr. Pavlov, the doyen of Russian scientists, would have called it a matter of "conditioned reflexes."

Warmth, as well as wind, explains why London's barrage is not always heard. Sound travels faster in warm air than in cold, and the cooler the air, the more slowly a "packet" of air hangs on the energy of the sound waves.

Noise is passing from the borderland of mystery into the region of stern investigation. The effects of noise have been card-indexed.

Yes, there's lots behind any noise—especially if it's a wife.

"Did you ever taste beer?" "I had a sip of it once," said the small servant. "Here's a state of things!" cried Mr. Swiveller. . . . "She NEVER tasted it—it can't be tasted in a sip!"

"The Old Curiosity Shop."

Love, thou art absolute sole Lord
Of life and death.
Richard Crashaw
(1612-1649).

USELESS EUSTACE



"Am I right in presuming you didn't wangle a sub, Nobby?"

To-day's Brains Trust

A eminent Judge, a well-known Writer on Sociology, a Minister of Religion, and a Schoolmaster, discuss:

Is punishment a cure for crime?

Judge: "It depends entirely on the sort of punishment. If the question were to be answered by a categorical 'yes,' then that would mean that the more severe the punishment the more rapid the cure. This is certainly not the case. For a punishment to be effective it must above all be felt to be just.

"Unjust punishment may have a terrible effect on the mind of the criminal, and he may develop a permanent re-

sentment against his fellow beings which goads him to further crimes as soon as he is at liberty."

Writer: "The difficult question to settle is, what is a just punishment? I think one of the characteristics of a just punishment is that it is obviously reasonable.

"It is reasonable to shut a man up who persists in molesting his fellows, but it is unreasonable to burn his eyes out or take away his most treasured possessions. I think it is unreasonable to inflict bodily pain on him, or to make him live in squalid conditions while he is confined to prison.

"Unreasonable punishments make a casual criminal into a sworn enemy of society."

Schoolmaster: "All this may be true enough of the average person, but amongst boys one finds from time to time an individual who responds only to violent treatment.

"Although such treatment may be unreasonable, it has a salutary effect and definitely checks wrong-doing.

"It can however, be rationalised in the boy's mind as the legal and natural consequence of his action, and therefore he keeps 'straight' for the same reason that a man walking a tight-rope keeps straight—through fear of the consequences of going crooked."

Minister: "Such punishment—corporal punishment—may keep him straight through fear of consequences, but it will surely not cure crime. When the consequences can be dodged the sole motive for going straight is removed, and you are no better off than before.

"When a criminal tendency appears to be inherent in the boy's make-up, there is no cure but the religious cure. But in most cases boys will respond more readily to kindness and understanding than to threats of violence."

Judge: "The subject of capital punishment has not been mentioned, though this is critical enough to throw light on the general question. Capital punishment for murder does, of course, cure crime in the person concerned, but it does not, as is commonly thought, cure crime in others on account of the example it sets.

"It makes murderers more cautious on that account, but it only definitely checks the crime of murder in so far as it is seen to be reasonable that a man who takes the life of another ought, in the nature of things, to forfeit his own. Its value lies in its reasonableness, not in its warning."

"Thus, when capital punishment was dealt to sheep-stealers and witches, it neither

checked sheep-stealing nor witchcraft because it was unreasonable."

Writer: "I am all on the side of making punishments reasonable, nevertheless it does not do to lose sight of the fact that for reasonable punishments to be effective they must be employed to correct reasonable people. The activities of criminals often betray an absence of reason and a preponderance of impulsive cunning, and all such criminals should, I think, be treated as mental cases. They require treatment rather than punishment."

QUIZ for today

1. A motmot is a puzzle, word game, bird, lizard, wild flower, priest's skull-cap, Scottish snuff-box?

2. Who wrote (a) Emma, (b) Evelina?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Nelson, Drake, Raleigh, Marlborough, Effingham, Howard, Byng.

4. Where and when was the world's first oil well drilled?

5. What domestic animal is not mentioned in the Bible?

6. What are the first three Signs of the Zodiac?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Widgeon, Widder-shins, Wiern, Wanderlust, Wyvern, Wapentake, Wherabouts.

8. What is an apiarist?

9. Which is the female, the duck or the drake?

10. With whom do you associate the phrase, "And so to bed"?

11. Name five English rivers beginning with T.

Answers to Quiz in No. 383

1. Bird's nest.

2. (a) R. L. Stevenson, (b) Walter Scott.

3. Captain Cook was a real person; others are fictitious.

4. Bobby Shaftoe.

5. The people of Troy.

6. Berkshire.

7. Forsooth, Farical.

8. "What You Will."

9. Aurora.

10. Jaffa.

11. Shape of the earth.

12. (a) Josephine, (b) Mrs. Nesbit (a widow).

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

1 Sharp sound.

6 Eggs.

11 Detain longer.

13 Giant.

14 Grasping

lender.

15 Fertiliser.

16 Old length.

17 Lack.

19 Rank.

21 Brimming

glass.

24 Sort of jacket.

26 Except.

28 Graft.

30 Deft.

32 Impulse.

36 Kindled.

37 Tree.

38 Old dance.

40 Somerset town.

41 Go idly.

42 Tree.

43 Looks cross.

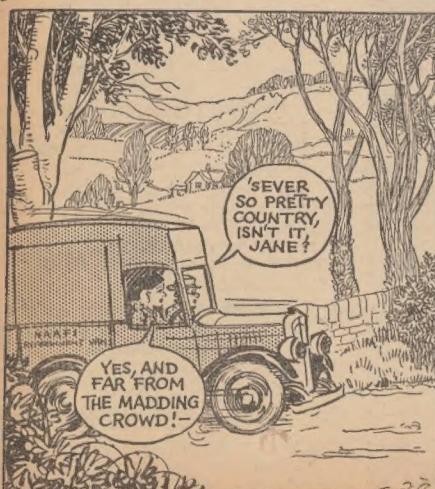
SLAP MUSCAT
HORACE PARE
AVOID REASON
KEG MIX HUT
E HEATED N
NOTED MOODY
X CLAPPED A
BAT MAT DIP
ELUDES WISP
GIBE TOOTLE
SCANTY EYED

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CLUES DOWN.

1 Bottle. 2 Boy's name. 3 Charm. 4 Vehicle. 5 Recognised. 7 Man of letters. 8 Past. 9 Indited. 10 Mashed fabric. 12 Dull. 18 Small lump. 20 Garment. 22 Introduction. 23 Hunting dogs. 25 Spice. 27 Moment. 29 Proper. 31 Tune. 33 Mud. 34 Front of ship. 35 Starch food. 39 Observed.

JANE

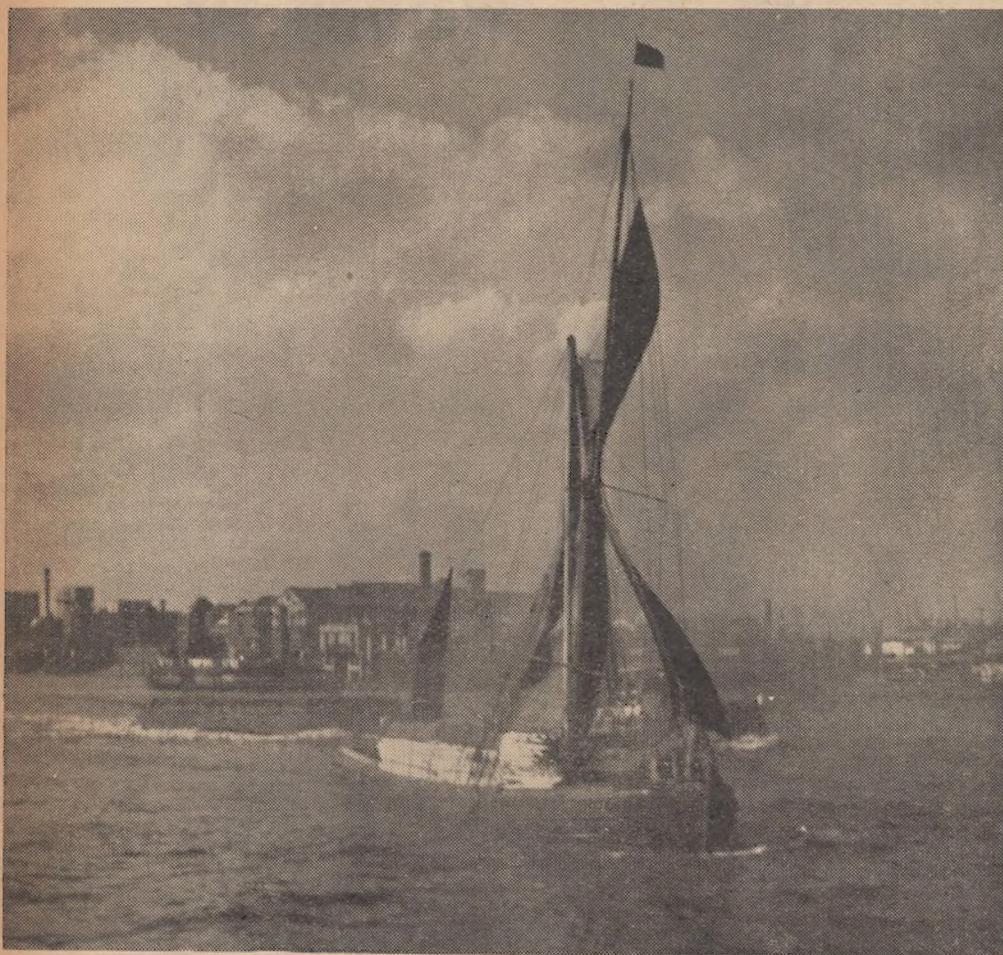


Love in the Park

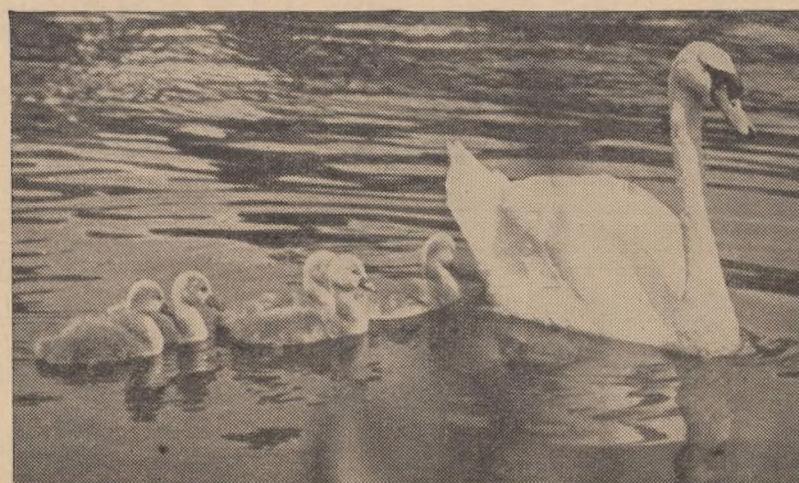
Good
Morning

This England

HOME BOUND. Coming up the Pool of London is the river barge, one of the breed of gallant little ships.



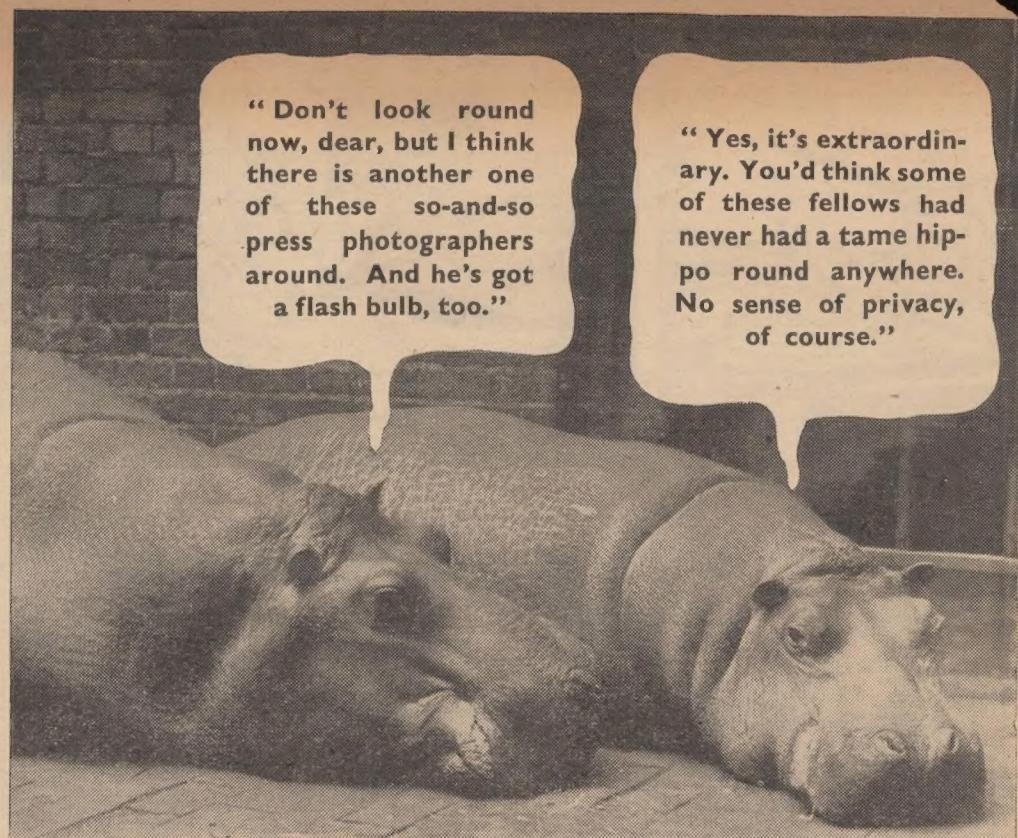
This is what we used to do in peace-time. Now it's up in the morning early and a cold shower. Times have changed.



Here comes Mrs. S. with her quins. Charming little swanlets, aren't they? — Sorry, we meant cygnets.

"Don't look round now, dear, but I think there is another one of these so-and-so press photographers around. And he's got a flash bulb, too."

"Yes, it's extraordinary. You'd think some of these fellows had never had a tame hippo round anywhere. No sense of privacy, of course."



"C'mon! C'mon! Can't you see, it's well past one o'clock, and I'm simply dying for that bottle."



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"6 to 1—I'm off!"

